

The most lamentable Tragedie

Moore. I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Demet. Then why should hee dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire lookes, & liberality. (court it
What hast not thou full often strooke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Moore. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch, or so
Would serue your turnes.

Chiron. I so the turne were serued.

Demet. *Aron* thou hast hit it.

Moore. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this: would it offend you then
That both should speede.

Chiron. Faith not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, and ioyned for that you iar,
Tis pollicie and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolute,
That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Than this *Launias*, *Bascianus* loue.
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Romaine Ladies troope:
The forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this daintie Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words,
Thys way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Emperesse with her sacred wit

of Titus

To villanie and vengeance co
VWill we acquaint with all th
And she shall file our engines
That will not suffer you to sq
But to your wishes hight adua
The Emperours court is like t
The pallace full of tongues, o
The woods are ruthles, dread
There speake, and strike brau
There serue your lust, shadow
And reuell in *Launias* treasur
Chiron. Thy counsell lad f
Demetrius. Sit fas aut nefas
To coole this heate, a charme
Per Stigia, per manes Vehor.

Enter Titus Andronicus
making a noyse

Titus. The hunt is vp, the
The fieldes are fragrant, and th
Vncouple heere, and let vs m
And wake the Emperour, and
And rowze the Prince, and ri
That all the court may eccho v
Sonnes, let it be your charge, a
To attend the Emperours per
I haue beene troubled in my sl
But dawning day new comfor

Heere a cry of Houndes,
enter *Saturninus*, *Tam*
Demetrius, and their A

Titus. Many good morrow
Madame to you as many, and
I promised your Grace a Hun

To